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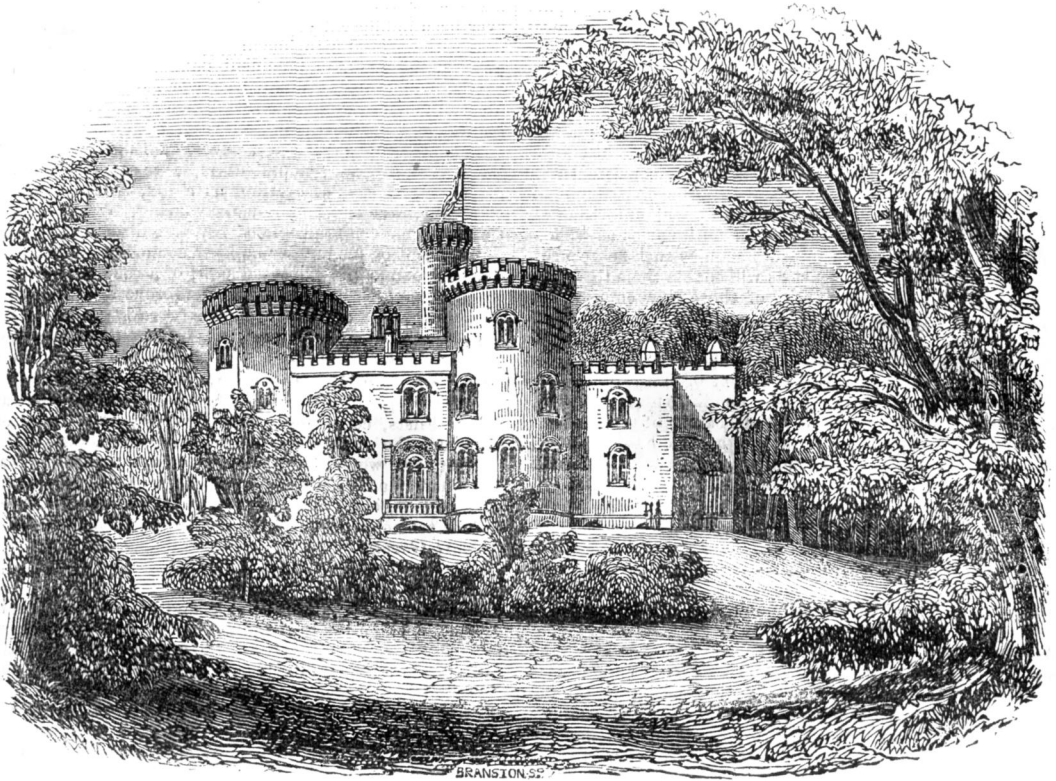
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VOLUME I.



KILLYMOON, COUNTY OF TYRONE,

THE RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. STEWART

THE subject which we have chosen as an embellishment to our present number, is a view of one of the most aristocratic residences in the province of Ulster, or, as we might perhaps say, in all Ireland. It is therefore deserving of a place in our topographical illustrations from its own importance; but we confess that it is not on that account only that we have thus selected it for illustration, and that, even if its attraction had been less, it would still have paramount claims on our notice, as the residence, when delicate health permits, of one of the best of landlords, and most estimable and accomplished gentlemen in his native province. Such, at least, is the impression made on our mind from all that we have ever heard of Colonel Stewart's private character; and it is only, therefore, in harmony with what might be expected of such a proprietor, that the enjoyment of the beauty and magnificence which nature and art have conjointly contributed to create at Killmoon should not be restricted to himself or friends, but be freely extended without solicitation to all ranks of the community, whom indeed he may justly and proudly class under the same denomination.

Killymoon House, or Castle, as it is popularly called, is situated in the immediate vicinity of Cookstown, and on the north bank of the Ballinderry or Kildress river, a beautiful stream which winds through the demesne. It was erected for the father of the present proprietor by the celebrated English

architect Mr Nash, and cost, it is said, no less a sum than £80,000.

Like that of most architectural compositions of Mr Nash, the general effect of Killmoon is at once imposing and picturesque. Its form is that of a parallelogram; the north and east sides, which are the principal architectural fronts, and contain the chief apartments, being but little broken in their surfaces, and forming two sides of the square; while the remaining sides, which contain the offices, are of an irregular ground-plan, and are much hidden by trees. The east, or principal front, which is that represented in our wood-cut, has a large circular tower nearly at its centre, and is terminated at its northern angle by an octagon tower of inferior height, but otherwise equal dimensions; and the north front, extending from the octagon tower above mentioned, has a square tower at its west extremity, with which is connected, in a nearly continuous line, a structure in the style of a Gothic chapel, having stained glass windows, and buttresses intervening, and a belfry at its western termination: this portion of the building, however, is used as a library, and is the only part remaining of the original mansion which existed on the estate when the ancestor of Colonel Stewart purchased it from the Earl of Tyrone, and which was subsequently destroyed by an accidental fire. The north or entrance front is adorned with a porch leading into a small vestibule, and thence into the hall,

which is of great size, and is terminated by a stone staircase having two return flights leading to a corridor which communicates with the bed-chambers. This hall also communicates by doors with the several portions of the building below, those on the west side leading to the servants' rooms, and those on the east to the state apartments, which consist of a breakfast parlour, dining-room, ante-room, and drawing-room, all of which are of noble proportions, and their woodwork of polished oak.

It will be seen from the preceding description that the general character of this building is that of a castle; and we may add, that the details of its architecture are for the most part those popularly but erroneously called Saxon. But, like most modern structures of this kind, it has but little accurate resemblance to an ancient military fortress, and its architectural details present that capricious medley of styles of various ages, ecclesiastical, domestic, and military, so commonly found in modern buildings of this description. Such an incongruous amalgamation of styles, however, in an architectural composition, is, it must be confessed, not very consistent with refined taste, and cannot be too strongly reprobated; but it has existed for a considerable time, and will unfortunately continue till architects become skilful antiquaries as well as tasteful artists, and their employers acquire such an accurate judgment and knowledge of art as will enable them to form a correct opinion of the capabilities of those they employ, and not take their estimate of them, as now, from fashion or popular reputation.

The demesne attached to this noble residence ranks second to none in Tyrone in extent, the beauty of many of its features, and the fineness of its timber. The Kildress river, which passes through it, is crossed about the centre of the demesne by a picturesque bridge of five arches; and from this point the most favourable views of the surrounding scenery are to be had. Looking northwards, the sloping banks of the river, at the opposite sides of an extensive meadow, are thickly planted with larch, fir, beech, and ash, from the midst of which, an aged oak is here and there seen to rise above its younger and less aspiring companions; and, looking westward, the turrets of the castle overtop the deep masses of foliage which cluster round it on every side. In like manner, to the east, the river winds its way through a tract of rich meadow land, the banks of which are fringed with willows and thorn trees; and to the south, the grounds slope gently up from the river, and present detached groups of elms and oaks of the most luxuriant character. The views in this demesne are indeed such as might naturally be expected in conjunction with a mansion of such magnificence, and will, as we are persuaded, not create a feeling of disappointment in the minds of any, whether artist or pleasure tourist, who may be led by our remarks to visit them.

P.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

DURING that dark and ill-recorded period in which Spain was little more than a field of battle between the Moors and the Christians, the Sanchos of Navarre held the most conspicuous rank among the peninsular potentates, and Sanchez "et Mayor" was the most conspicuous of the Sanchos. Besides the throne of Navarre, he had succeeded to the royalty of Arragon, and the sovereignty of Castile was the dower of his queen. He had married the beauteous Elvira Muna early in life; and before he had reached the full prime of manhood, two of his sons, Garcia and Gonsalo, were able to bear the panoply of a knight; and a third, Fernando, a boy of thirteen, was sighing for the day to come when he too should have the spur upon his heel and the sword upon his thigh. Another son, also, King Sancho boasted of, but not by Donna Elvira. In his very first battle he had been taken prisoner by a Moorish captain of high rank, and confined in a dreary dungeon many days and nights, until at length his escape was effected by means of the daughter of his conqueror, a maiden of exquisite beauty named Caya, who had seen him, and fallen in love with him. This Moorish girl the generous young prince would gladly have married, if the political or religious laws of Navarre would have permitted him; but he tried to persuade himself and her, that, under such circumstances, the tie which bound them together after their flight from her father's fortress would be nearly as sacred as if it were a conjugal one. The offspring of their love was a boy, whom Sancho named Ramiro, and who grew up with the king's legitimate children. Caya too—it was the custom of those days—lived at court,

and was paid respect and honour besides, as the deliverer of the country's hope. She had abjured, at least outwardly, her Moslem creed, and, for the sake of her son, whom she tenderly loved, conformed in all respects to the customs of her adopted one. In truth, however, she was a quiet, unpretending creature, who never said or did anything to the injury of any one with malice prepense, and not being feared, was not hated. Even Elvira herself, hateful to Caya for giving her no reasonable cause for jealousy since her marriage with Sancho (which was a mere matter of state policy), made the Moorish woman the confidante of most of her joys and sorrows. And many were the sorrows of that gentle queen. Sancho had ever been indifferent towards her, though she repaid his coldness with devoted attachment. He was, besides, continually away at the wars, in imminent danger from the chances of battle, while she, at home, was ever mourning over the neglect of her lord and the disobedience of her children. Garcia had made, before his twentieth year, no fewer than three different attempts to excite a revolt in Ribagorza during the absence of the king, impatient as he was to seize the reins of command. Gonsalo, cunning as a fox, and darkly-working as a mole, was continually endeavouring, by secret machinations, to render the people of Navarre discontented with the government of his mother and her councillors; and even the child Fernando had exhibited signs of a rebellious nature, and was but too apt to listen to the dangerous instructions of his brothers. Elvira, therefore, was greatly to be pitied, debarred, as she thus found herself, from all the joys which she naturally yearned for as a wife and a mother. If Caya was an ambitious woman, as most of her nation were, or if she had cherished, under an outward show of meekness and contentedness, thoughts and purposes of bringing about by means of her opportunities the establishment of the Moorish dynasty in Christian Spain, she might have drawn hope of success in her schemes from the dissensions of the royal family; at least she might have sought in them some excuse for making her darling Ramiro a sharer in one of those arbitrary partitions of the Spanish kingdoms which the barbarous notions of the times rendered of frequent recurrence. But Caya was gifted with too noble a mind to seek any advantage, however tempting, by unworthy means. She still fondly loved the chivalrous prince with whom she fled from a cruel father's roof, and with whom, for a few happy, happy years, she had forgotten the pleasant olive groves of Grenada, under the wild pine forests and glaciers of the Pyrenees. She sincerely compassionated the sorrows of Elvira, and therefore the afflicted queen had a safe and steady friend in her generous rival. Let the reader "judge with knowledge" these two women in their affection for one another—

In those old, romantic days,
Mighty were the soul's commandments
To support, restrain, or raise!

Their rivalry was of the forbearing kind which existed between the two wives of that old crusader mentioned in the *Orlando* of Kenelin Henry Digby, and which the first poet of our day* has thought it worth his while to embody for all eternity in his "Armenian Lady's Love." But Elvira had another trusty friend in Sancho's "master of the horse," whom he was wont to leave behind him as deputy when he went to the wars. Don Pedro Sesse was a faithful minister and a merciful viceroy. A gallant soldier in his youth, he was an enemy to treachery and to everything that tended to infringe the laws of chivalry. He it was who had frustrated the designs of Garcia and Gonsalo, and had therefore earned their hatred. Elvira looked to him as her best guide and protector amidst the sorrows of her lot.

In this state was the kingdom of Navarre, when the news came of a great victory gained by Sancho over the Moors of Corduba, a place at that time the metropolis of Moorish Spain. As this event was considered a decisive blow to the hopes entertained by the Moors of obtaining possession of Castile, which was their principal object, Sancho's speedy return, after an absence of several years, was anticipated at home, and great were the preparations made for his triumphal entry to the fortress of Najara, where was the royal palace and the residence of the chief nobility. In the midst of these preparations, however, matters took place which turned the palace into a scene of mourning and dismay.

Don Pedro had a beautiful daughter named Blanca, whom the unprincipled Garcia had long but vainly tried to influence

* Wordsworth.